

*The Historie of*

*Hotsp.* My Liege, I did deny no prisoners,  
But I remember when the fight was done,  
When I was drie with rage, and extreame toyle,  
Breathlesse and faint, leaning vpon my sword,  
Came there a certaine Lord, neate and trimly drest,  
Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin new reapt,  
Shewd like a stubble land at haruest home:  
He was perfumed like a Milliner,  
And twixt his finger and his thumbe he held  
A pouncet boxe, which euer and anon  
He gaue his nose, and took't away againe:  
Who there-with angry, when it next came there:  
Tooke it in snuffe, and still he smilede and talkt:  
And as the souldiours bore dead bodies by,  
He cald them vntaught knaues, vnmanerly,  
To bring a sloucnly vnhandsome coarfe  
Betwixt the wind and his nobilitie.  
With many holy-day and ladie tearmes  
He questioned me: among the rest demanded  
My prisoners in your Maiesties behalfe.  
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,  
To be so pestred with a Poppingay,  
Out of my griefe and my impatience  
Answered neglectingly, I know not what,  
He should, or he should not, for he made me mad:  
To see him shine so briske, and sinell so sweete,  
And talke so like a waiting gentlewoman,  
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, God saue the markes:  
And telling me the soueraignst thing on earth,  
Was Parmacitie, for an inward bruiſe,  
And that it was great pitie, so it was,  
This villanous saltpeeter should be digd  
Out of the bowels of the harmeles earth,  
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed  
So cowardly: and but for these vile guns,  
He would himselfe haue bene a souldiour.  
This balde vniointed chat of his (my Lord)  
I answered indirectly (as I said)

*Henrie the fourth.*

And I beseech you, let not this report  
Come currant for an accusation,  
Betwixt my loue and your high Maiestie.

*Blunt.* The circumstance considered, good my Lord,  
What e're *Harry Percie* then had said  
To such a person, and in such a place,  
At such a time, with all the rest retold,  
May reasonably die, and neuer rise  
To do him wrong, or any way impeach.  
What then he said, so he vnſay it now.

*King* Why yet he doth deny his prisoners,  
But with prouiso and exception,  
That we at our owne charge shall ransome straight  
His brother in law, the foolish Mortimer,  
VWho in my foule hath wilfully betraid  
The liues of those, that he did lead to fight  
Against the great Magitian, damned Glendower,  
Whose daughter, as we heare, the Earle of March  
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then  
Be emptied to redeeme a traitour home?  
Shall we buy treason? and indent with feares,  
When they haue lost and forfeited themselves?  
No, on the barren mountaine let him starue:  
For I shall neuer hold that man my friend,  
Whose tongue shall aske me for one penny cost,  
To ransome home reuolted Mortimer.

*Hot.* Reuolted Mortimer?  
He neuer did fall off, my soueraigne Liege,  
But by the chance of war: to proue that true,  
Neeles no more but one tongue: for all those wounds,  
Those mouthed wounds which valiantly he tooke,  
VWhen on the gentle *Seuerns* siedgie banke,  
In single opposition hand to hand,  
He did confound the best part of an houre,  
In changing hardiment with great Glendower.  
Three times they breathd and three times did they drinke  
Vpon agreement of swift *Seuerns* flood,  
VWho then affrighted with their blondie lookes,